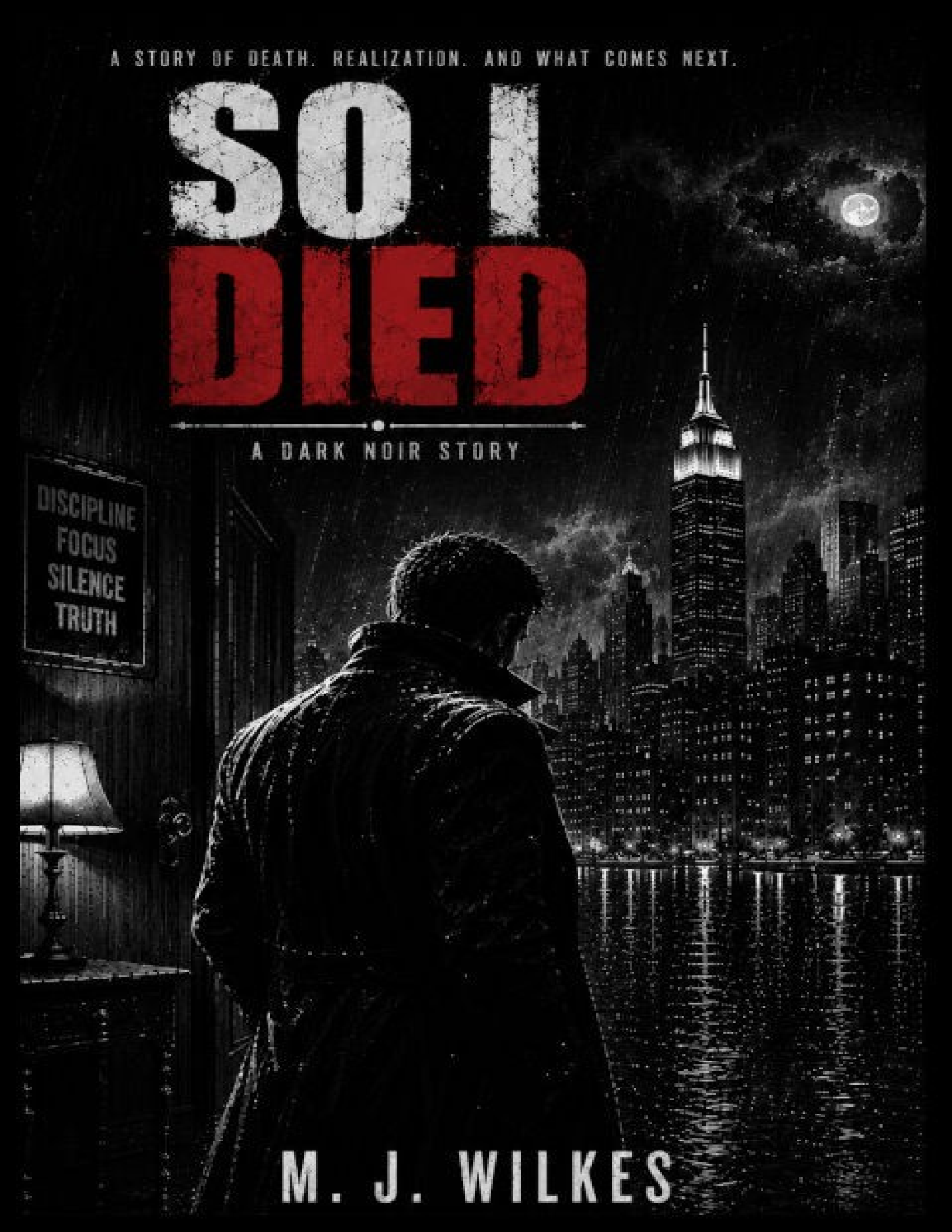
A STORY OF DEATH. REALIZATION. AND WHAT COMES NEXT.

SO I DIED

A DARK NOIR STORY



M. J. WILKES

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So I Died, But I Feel Better Now.

What brought me to that fateful night? A life-time of experiences that pushed the boundaries of my physical, mental, psychological senses, and ancestral memories, which lead me to a search of the Spirit. Thus I learned the arcane arts which propelled me into a myriad of magical and Spiritual battles, internal and external. Each experience moving me from one Spiritual initiation to another as I searched for the true Oneness of my Spirit and a connection with my Soul.

This culminated with that fateful dance with Azrael, the beautiful and loneliest Angel of Death. Who happens to be a most superb dancer and my brethren from the energy of EL.

How did it happen? I was poisoned by a woman in a local pub on the eve of a new year celebration. She approached me and struck up a conversation, she seemed nice and had a feeling of trustworthiness about her. So I ordered a drink and didn't think twice about asking her to watch my drink while I went to the bathroom. When I came back, she was still there smiling that innocent smile, I took a sip of my drink and don't remember much after that.

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I did make it home
(I always made it home),
and then I died.

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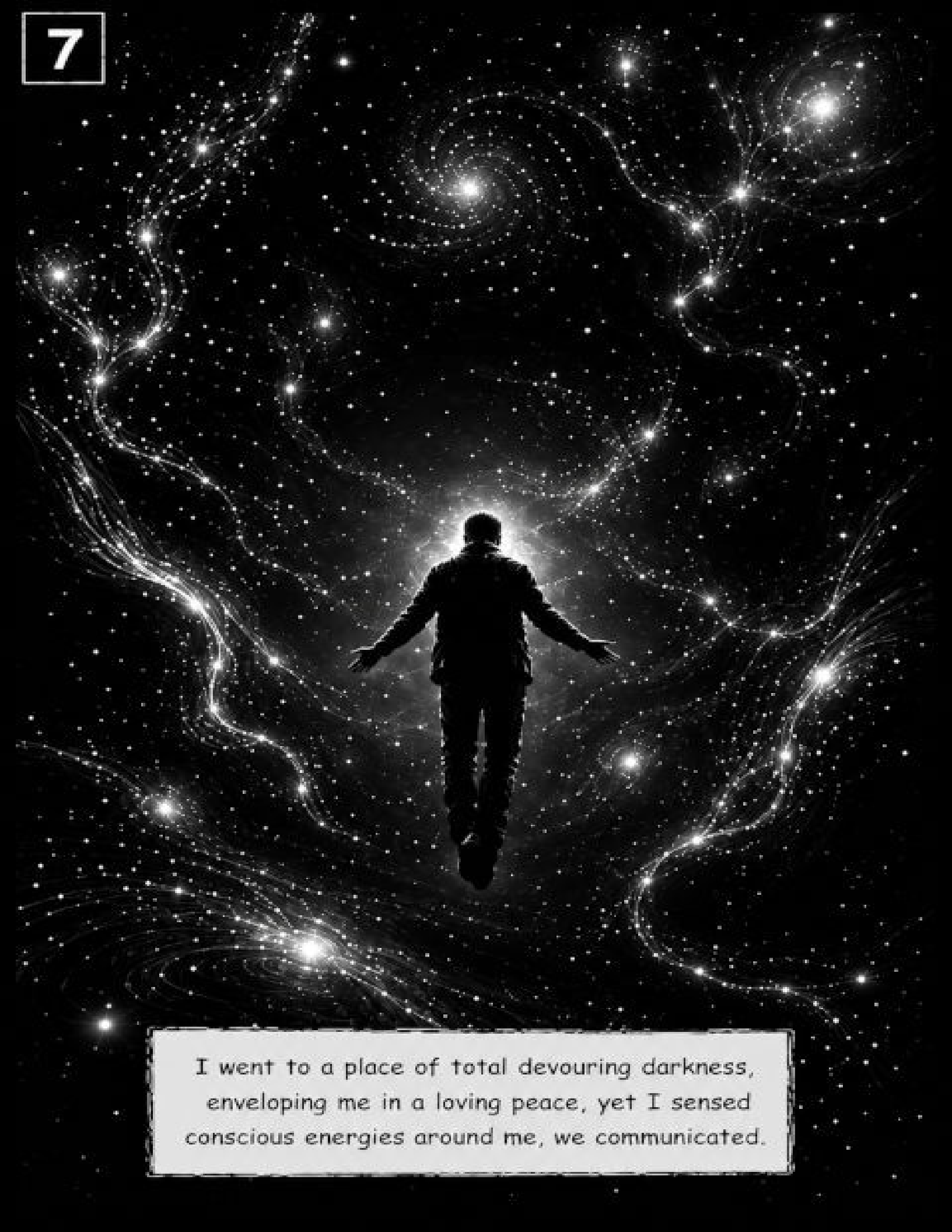
Where did I go?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I went to a place of total devouring darkness, enveloping me in a loving peace, yet I sensed conscious energies around me, we communicated.

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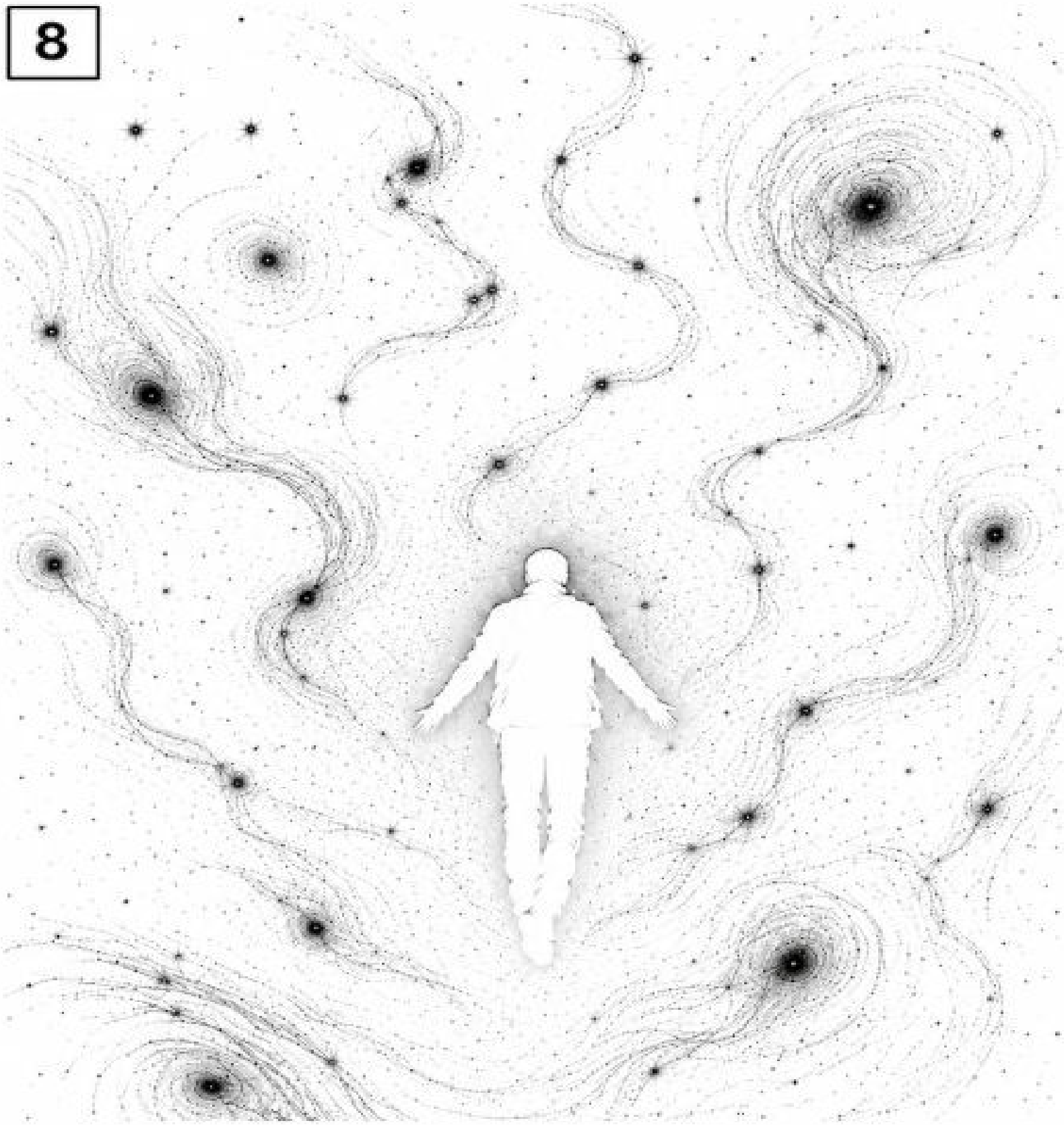

Also to a place of absolute white brilliance, enveloping me in a loving peace, yet I sensed conscious energies around me, we communicated.

Ba-BOOM! I came back. Seems heaven didn't want me, and hell was afraid that I would take over.

I see my cat, a black Oriental named Pandora, looking like a perfect Halloween cat, arched back, hooked tail with spiky fur, hairs standing up across her back, eyes of death, looking at me and I swear that she was thinking, "What the fuck did you do".

They say that when you die and then come back, there can be profound changes in a person's mental, psychological, and physical states. That turned out to be true for me.

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So what did happened to me? My IQ dropped about 20 points, I lost understanding of the big words in my vocabulary, I forgot how to tie my shoes and had to reteach myself, I lost the knowledge of fixing and creating mechanical things like vehicles and had to reteach myself, I lost my desire to acquire and own objects of any kind, I lost a good amount of my anger and rage (which was a beneficial thing).

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I lost everything which was not necessary to my new life path. I gained a greater connection, understanding, and appreciation of all things from the finite to the infinite, from the corporal to incorporeal, from the minutest virtual particle to the vast multi-verse.

What did I learn?
On the Spiritual level:
The Hierophant teaches those who come;
The Magician battles those who attack;
The Priest consoles those who ask;
The King cares naught;
The man works to pay the Innkeeper's lot.

On the mundane level:
I learned first hand that death is not an ending, just a doorway to a different state of existence. After death there is no pain, suffering, regrets or any negative energy. There is just a state of existence that is different from the one that we are use to.

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So for me I do strongly believe in an existence after death that has no pain and I will, with arms and eyes wide open, accept that crossing when it does come, and if I come back again, well, then I will continue on my life path.

What's next?

Now my new life starts, time to go to work.

DEATH ISN'T THE END.
IT'S THE DOORWAY.

He died.
But that was only the beginning.

From the mystical to the mundane,
he learned that life doesn't stop
when the body does.
It simply changes.

On the other side, there is
no pain. No suffering.
No regrets. No negativity.
Just a different state
of existence.

He believes in what comes after.
And when the time is right,
he'll walk through that doorway
with open eyes and an open heart.
And if he returns?
He'll keep walking his path.

**A DARK NOIR STORY ABOUT DEATH,
REALIZATION, AND WHAT
COMES NEXT.**

We don't fear the dark.
We walk through it
to find the light on
the other side.

– S.